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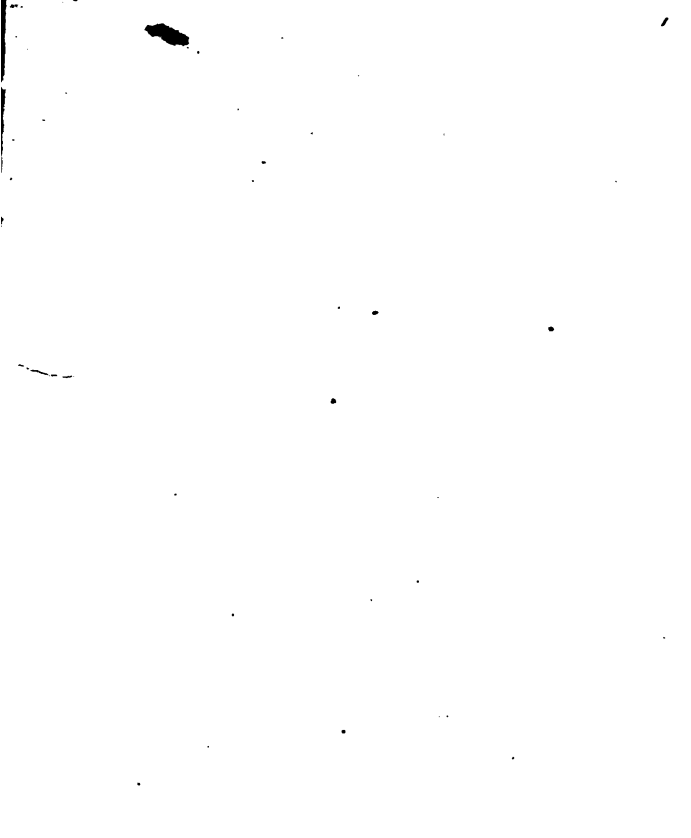
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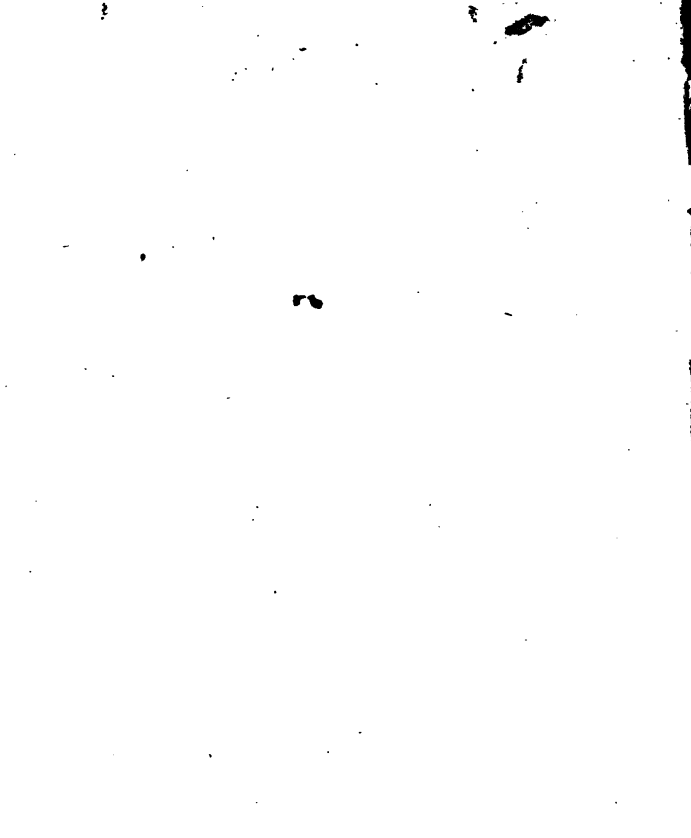
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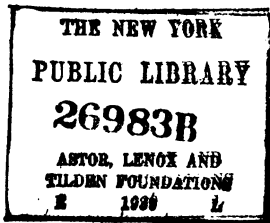
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ARCHY SOMERVILLE
AND
OTHER STORIES.



PHILADELPHIA.
H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS.
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Stories.

ARCHY SOMMERVILLE.

ARCHY SOMERVILLE was about four years old. A merry laughing golden haired boy, who loved every body, and who in return was loved by all.

Archy was a very good little boy, but he was naughty about one thing. I will tell you what that was.

Archy's mother lived in a large house in the country. In front of this house there was a wide gravel walk

and carriage drive, and beyond these a gate, which led out into the fields. Mrs. Sommerville allowed her little boy to play on the gravel and the drive; but she did not like him to go out side of the gate.

Archy loved the green fields, the trees and the little brook, that were beyond the gate; and sometimes he forgot what his mother said and went out. I don't think he meant to disobey his mother, but he forgot.

One day, Archy's brother, George, made him a stick-horse. It was a funny looking animal, as you see in the picture.





ARCHY AND HIS STICK HORSE.

Archy was delighted with his new toy, and went to ask his mother if he might go out of doors to play with it.

His mother gave him permission to go. "But remember, Archy" said she, "you must not open the gate."

Away went our boy, as happy as

a king, and I think much happier than some kings. He played on the gravel walk for some time, and then, feeling tired, he threw down his horse and went to the gate, only meaning to look over and see the birds and flowers beyond.

While he was looking at the forbidden pleasures, he saw a Quail in the grass. A "Quail! A real live Quail," thought Archy. "Oh, how I should like to catch it." His mother's command was forgotten. The gate was thrown open and Archy was in the fields. Naughty boy!

The Quail was too nimble for him

THE QUAIL.

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and was soon far out of the little boy's sight. Archy, however, now began to find other things to tempt him on, and he soon reached the brook.

“I wonder where this brook goes to,” thought he “I wonder if it goes to the ocean papa told me about, I mean to see!” Archy walked on following the course of the brook for a long time, and then feeling hungry, he turned around to pick some berries that grew by it.

After eating as many as he wanted, he thought he would go home again, and wait till another day to find the

ocean. But when he wanted to go back he could not remember whether he must turn to the right or the left. Which way had he come? He could not recollect, but at length turned to the left and went on. Poor Archy; instead of going home he was going further away. At last the sun went down, and although it was not dark, Archy began to feel frightened, "mamma, mamma!" he sobbed, "come take me home! I'm so tired, mamma! I want to go to bed!" But his mamma could not hear him, and at last, tired out,



ARCHY ASLEEP.

Archy lay down by the brook and went fast asleep.

He was awakened by his father who had come in search of his lost boy. Poor little Archy was very glad to get home once more, and he sobbed as his mother laid him in his warm bed "mamma I will never run out the gate again, when you tell me not to go."



STOP AND THINK.

“OH! there’s a butterfly I mean to catch it!” cried little Georgy Ellis, running after the bright insect. “See mamma,” said he after the capture of the little fluttering thing, “see, is it not a beauty, look how bright its wings are! Why mother it is dead,” he said, after a minute.

“Yes, my son, it is dead! It will never fly about in the warm sunshine again, or suck the honey from



STOP AND THINK.

the flowers. You will never see its pretty wings glittering in the sun again. God made it to be happy, and live. He created it, that its short life might be spent gaily, to be happy itself and to please others by its beauty. And it is dead; my little boy has killed it.

“Mamma,” said George, bursting into tears “I did not think! I am very sorry I killed it.”

“You did not think, you say. It is this very thoughtlessness that I want my little boy to correct. I do not think you would wilfully destroy anything, but you do not think.

Stop the next time you are tempted to chase a butterfly and think: 'could I make a butterfly? If I kill it, could I made it live again? God made, it to be happy, and I am going to kill it.' I do not think you will chase it after you have considered a moment."

"No, mamma, I am sure I shall not."





STORY OF A RATTLESNAKE.

Did you ever see a Rattlesnake? They are sometimes caught alive and can be often seen in menageries. The rattlesnake's bite is extremely

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poisonous. If it bites a person he generally dies in a few hours, unless remedies are used immediately. It has on its tail a rattle which is made of loose joints, which are hard and shelly.

When the snake is angry he shakes his tail and these joints rattling together make a noise which, if people hear, they know that a snake is not far off. General Hugh Mercer, a Scotch gentleman, who was on the British and American side in the war against the French and Indians, was wounded in the of their battles. He hid until the battle

was over and then tried to follow the army.

He was very faint and had nothing to eat. He had gone some distance in the woods when he heard a snake rattle. He took up a stick and when the snake tried to bite him he struck it on the head and killed it.

General Mercer was so hungry, not having eaten any thing for a great while, that he thought he would eat this snake. So he built a fire and ate part of it and put the rest away for another time.

This shows what people will do



GENERAL MERCER AND THE SNAKE.

when they are in necessity. General Mercer would not have eaten this snake, when he was at home, any more than a stone! but his hunger compelled him to do so, and he had to eat it. He ate nothing but his snake until he got to Fort Cumber-

land where he got good eating and had his wound attended to.

When the revolutionary war came on, General Mercer fought for the Americans, and was killed at the battle of Princeton.

His body now lies buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia





ANOTHER SNAKE STORY

A BOA CONSTRICTOR is a snake which lives in hot countries.

He lives on hides and animals, and occasionally kills and swallows a man.

A gentleman in India, which is
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BOA CONSTRICTOR CRUSHING A BULLOCK.

one of the countries where this snake lives, had a fine bullock which he was fattening to give a feast to some of his friends.

This bullock used to go out sometimes into the fields and jungles to graze. I must tell you what a jungle is. In India there is a kind of grass that grows very high.

This grass generally grows in broad plains and swamps. There are trees amongst it; and the grass and trees together make the jungle.

Well, as I said before, this bullock fed in the jungle. One day he was feeding; and he felt something

on his back and looking round saw a great Boa Constrictor winding itself around him. He bellowed aloud and ran as fast as he could; but the Boa's tail got twisted round a tree when he was almost out of the jungle and there he held the bullock fast.

His bellowing aroused the people in the neighborhood and just as the Boa was going to crush the bullock by tightening himself around him (for this is the way they kill their prey,) the Boa felt a sharp hatchet cutting off a large piece of his tail. He was now powerless, for he can-

not crush anybody when his tail is cut off. The people soon killed the snake and the gentleman did not lose his bullock.

But many stories are told where the Boa has crushed cows and horses and swallowed them whole. After he swallows his food, he is so full that he cannot move and is easily killed. Sometimes the Boa, gets up a tree and waits for travellers to come along when he suddenly darts down and seizes one of them from his horse, and devours him at his leisure.



THE DRUMMER.

THE DRUMMER.

How cruel it is for men to fight
battles together. An ambitious king
goes into a neighboring kingdom

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and burns the people's houses, kills the children and carries the parents off prisoners. The king, whose country has been attacked, raises an army and the two have a battle. Many soldiers are killed and their wives become widows, and their children orphans. This is a sad picture of what evil men do.

Our engraving represents a drummer who is going out to the wars. He wakes the soldiers up with his rub-a-dub in the morning and he plays during the battle. Many little boys when they see the soldiers marching along with their gay

uniform, think it is very fine indeed ; but another view comes to them when they find the soldiers encamping out in rain, snow, and all kinds of weather. Sometimes they are wounded and left lying in the battle field, without any body near them, waiting for the relief guard to come and pick them up.

But to come back to the picture of the drummer. Here are his wife and children come to bid him good bye, perhaps for the last time. How unhappy the wife must be when she thinks of this.

Even the blind beggar has come

**BOYS PLAYING SOLDIERS.**

to shake hands with his friend,
whom he cannot see.

Sometimes soldiers must be had
to defend the country from foreign
invasions of an oppressive king, as

our own countrymen did, when George the Third oppressed the people, by making them pay heavy taxes and putting regiments of soldiers in their towns and cities.

I hope the time will come when there will be no more wars. Men should avoid going to war; and I don't think it does little boys any good to play soldiers.





EDDIE AND FRANK'S VISIT TO THE FAIR.

EDDIE and Frank Williams were going to the fair with papa. They had scarcely eaten any breakfast, they were so pleased; and when mother called them to be dressed, they were



EDDIE AND FRANK PREPARING FOR THE FAIR. 34

in such a hurry that Franky put on his overcoat and gloves for fear they should be too late. At length all were ready and the carriage came, and away they went. They had a long pleasant drive through the country, for our little boys lived in a country town, and were coming to the city, to visit a fair.

They saw many things which they had never heard the names of before. Before they left, their father gave each some money to buy a toy. It took a long time to choose among the many pretty things scattered about. Hoops, horses, stables, guns,

balls, marbles, kites, and a great many others were discussed. At last Franky spied a drum, hanging from one of the tables, "Oh! Eddie," said he, "we will buy a drum and a trumpet and play soldiers."

So a drum and a trumpet were bought and taken home. It was very amusing to see Eddie and Franky play soldiers. As Frank was the oldest, he took command, and directed Eddie's movements. While Eddie, who felt very grand as trumpeter to the army of tables and chairs, strutted along with quite a military air. "Toot, toot, toot," went



EDDIE AND FRANK PLAYING SOLDIERS.

Eddie's trumpet, "Rub a dub,"
said Franky's drum and off marched
the two boys in a very warlike
manner.





**A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH
AWAY WRATH.**

“MAMMA,” said little Mary Muzzy to her mother, one day, as she was playing with her doll, “I don’t love

Carrie Chambers, and I don't want to go and see her this afternoon!"

"Why do you dislike Carrie, my daughter," said Mrs. Muzzy, "you were very good friends once? I wish you to go this afternoon because Mrs. Chambers herself, was kind enough to invite my little girl."

"But mother, Carrie is not kind when I am there. She does not like me to play with her doll, and if I touch her toys she says don't, Mary Muzzy! I wish you'd let my things alone; and mother, the last time I was there, she struck me."

Mary stopped, and there were



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CARRIE AND HER DOLL.

large tears in her eyes at the recollection of Carrie's unkindness. Mary was a gentle little girl, who had been taught to fear God, and love all good, gentle works. She did not wish to tell tales about Carrie, but to give her mother a reason for her unwillingness to visit her.

“Why did Carrie strike my little girl?” asked her mother, drawing Mary nearer to her.

Carrie's little brother George, dropped her cup, and broke it, and Carrie struck him so hard he cried. I only said, ‘Oh, Carrie, how could you strike him?’ and she said,

‘Mind your own business, or I’ll strike you too,’ and when I went over to comfort Georgy she did strike me.”

“Well, I want you to go this afternoon, Mary, and keep in your mind this passage, ‘A soft answer turneth away wrath.’ If Carrie is unkind you must not be unkind too, but gentle and loving, and you may make Carrie more willing to oblige you. Will you remember?”

“Yes, mamma. ‘A soft answer turneth away wrath.’”

Carrie Chambers had all her play things out, and her doll dressed

in its best clothes, ready to receive her visitor, she did not feel happy, her conscience reproached her for her crossness to Mary, and she very much feared she would not come. Mary's conversation with her mother had detained her and it was late in the afternoon when she rung the bell at Mrs. Chambers's door. Carrie opened it.

"Come up stairs and take your things off," said she. "What made you so late?"

"I was talking to mamma." See, I brought my doll, so that we could each have one."

“You were afraid mine was not good enough, I suppose!”

“Oh, how can you say so! but I want you to lend me yours, and you take mine!”

For about an hour the two little girls played together very contentedly, but then Carrie was heard, saying in a very loud voice “Mary Muzzy stop putting on that doll’s nightgown, she has just got up.”

“Yes, but she is sick, and must go to bed!”

“She ain’t sick, she’s my doll and I won’t have her sick, if you want a sick baby take your own,” and the

passionate little girl threw Mary's doll towards her with so much violence, that the head striking the floor, broke into several pieces.

"Oh, Carrie," Mary began, while her cheek flushed with anger. "Oh Carrie, my new doll!" then her mother's words came into her mind, and going over to Carrie she said gently, "you are sorry, ain't you, Carrie?"

"No I am not, miss, you never will play what I want you too!"

"I will play just what you want me to, now. We will put my dolly away and play with something else!"

Feeling rather ashamed, Carrie helped her visitor to collect the broken pieces and put them away.

“Come,” said she, “we will go and swing.

After swinging for some time the little girls went down into the arbor to play.

“Come,” said Carrie, suddenly, “we will go and pick some grapes and have a party.”

“I’m afraid to climb up there for them, Carrie! said Mary as her companion clambered up the sides of the arbor for the fruit.

“Pooh! what are you afraid of?”



CARRIE AND MARY IN THE GARDEN.

“I should fall, I’m sure. Does your mother like you to pick them?”

“No, but I am going to have as many as I want. “Come up!”

“No, I can't, if your mother does not like it. You will fall, come down Carrie, do.”

“I suppose you'll tell on me.” answered Carrie.

“No I shall not tell on you. But I'm sorry you are so disobedient.”

“How dare you call me disobedient, I'm a year older than you are, and of course know what is right.”

“I am sorry I offended you Carrie, I did not mean to.”

“Mary,” said Carrie, jumping down, and kissing her, “you are the dearest girl I ever knew; I have been as cross as I could all the after-

noon, and broke your doll too, and you are just as gentle as I am cross. Come, we won't touch the grapes, and I will play just as you want me to."

Mary was very happy when she went home in the evening; she told her mother all that had happened, she said she would always remember that, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."





OUR DARLING LITTLE EFFIE.

I wish all my little friends knew our Effie, such a little sunshine, so pleasant, and so cunning that I am sure, if they know her, they must love her and very dearly too.

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She is only four years old, and does a great many funny things.

One day her mother taught her her letters. Effie was very much pleased to know them, and took the book to study them all out by herself. While she was very earnestly looking at them, Fido, the dog, passed under the window. "Oh mamma!" said Effie, "I'll teach Fido his letters! here, Fi!" Off she went, and pretty soon her mother saw her under the window holding the open book before the dog.

"That's A. Fido." said Effie.



EFFIE AND HER DOG.



EFFIE AND HER LAMB.

Fido looked at the letters, but did not say anything.

“That’s B, Fido and that’s C. Why don’t you say A, B, C! Mamma, Fido won’t say it.”

“Bow, wow, wow!” said Fido, and giving his nose a toss in the air, he trotted off.

Effie’s father gave her a little pet

lamb, and she was very fond of playing with it in the fields. She would put a wreath of flowers on her head and call Daisy (the lamb) to her and then run off to the house crying, "Mamma come see, Effie's wreath and Daisy!" Oh, Effie was a darling little girl.

She was very fond of milk and bread, as most little boys and girls are. One day while she was eating her breakfast, a fly came on the edge of the bowl and began to drink the milk also. "Oh mamma," shouted Effie. "Look at the fly eating my bread and milk. You

cunning little fly!" and she let the fly stay till he had eaten enough, and then he flew off.

All the birds and animals were friends of Effie's. She always looked out for them when she was walking, and once her mother came running to her, frightened by hearing her give a scream; it was a scream of delight, and when she saw her mother coming, she cried "Oh mamma, mamma, come look at these dear, darling little pigs."



THE GENEROUS LITTLE BOY AND SELFISH LITTLE BOY.

LOUIS SAMPSON was known among his playmates as a very generous little boy. If his mother gave him an apple, his first thought was, how "many can I give a piece to." In school if the cake his mother put into his bag for luncheon, was larger or nicer than the other boys had, Louis always broke off pieces for his friends. Of course every one loved generous Louis, and he was always

ready to share with others, as others were generally ready to share with him. So you see he lost nothing by his generosity. Very different was Jemmie Lane, who lived near Louis. If he had any thing nice, instead of sharing it with his little play fellows he ate it all himself, he was so afraid of being asked for a piece, that he often hid to eat alone. If his friends come to see him, he was hardly willing that they should touch his toys; so his little school mates, when they had a holiday generally preferred to spend it with Louis, who was not

afraid that they would break his toys.

One day, each these little boys, had a quarter of a dollar given to him. Louis took his and went to a toy store, where he could buy a toy, not for himself, but for his little brother Willie. After a long hunt in the store he found something that Willie had never had. It was a box shaped like an egg, which separated in the middle and was filled with gay colored marbles. You see Louis in the picture, telling his mother that the toy is for Willie, who stands with his hands crossed behind him,



THE EGG-BOX.

looking at the toy and listening to what Louis is saying.

Jemie took his money and went to a confectionary store, where he laid out his quarter in candies and

cakes. He did not go home and divide it with his little brother and sisters, though they loved candy as much as he did. No, he went into a room, locked the door and sat down to have a feast alone. But some how the candy did not taste nice, he felt very selfish, and when we try to enjoy selfishly what we have, it never tastes so good.

He ate all the cake and candy, and then rose to open the door and go out, but alas! our greedy boy had eaten so much he began to feel sick. You see how sick he looks.

A Doctor was sent for, and Jem-



POOR JEMIE LANE.

mie had to take many medicines that tasted bad, and lie in bed for several days, before he got well.

Which little boy do you think felt the happiest? Louis, who spent

his money to please his little brother; or Jemmie who spent it on his own gratification ?





GRACE BANCROFT.

I ONCE knew a little girl whose name was Grace Bancroft. She had very light golden hair, blue eyes and such a lovely face, and such win-

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ning manners, that she went by the name of Fairy. So Fairy we will call her.

When Fairy was about twelve years old, her dear father died. After his death Grace and her mother, were obliged to leave their pretty house, and fine furniture in the country, and go to live in the city, for they were very poor, now there was no kind father to work for them, and earn them money.

Fairy was very sorry to leave the beautiful garden, the fountain, horses, and, above all, her little room, that her father had furnished



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GRACE READING HER BIBLE.

so neatly for his little girl, where she loved to set and read her Bible.

But when she saw how troubled her poor mother was, she dried up her own tears, and talked cheerfully of the many things she should do to help her. Two small rooms were hired in the city, and there they went. Here the darling girl proved herself a Fairy indeed, she learned to get the meals for herself and mother, and helped her sew; for by sewing Mrs. Bancroft got her living.

Poor little Fairy's troubles were not yet over. Her mother, from sitting too steadily at her work, began



MRS. BANCROFT.

to complain of a pain in her chest, and coughed very badly. At length she was obliged to leave off sewing. Then the Doctor came, and Mrs. Bancroft grew so ill that she was obliged to go to bed.

One day she called Grace to her, and said "my dear little daughter, I am very ill, so ill that Doctor Randolph says I never can be well again."

"Oh mother," said Grace, sobbing, "You are not going to"—But she was obliged to stop, and burying her face in the bed clothes, she wept bitterly..

"Grace Fairy," said her mother, "do not cry! think how much happier mother will be in Heaven, well and happier than here!"

"Oh mother," sobbed poor Grace "take me with you!"



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GRACE AND HER MOTHER.

“I cannot, Fairy; and it is leaving her daughter here that makes it hard for your mother to go. But I have prayed to God, and he has given me the strength to bear it. And now, Grace, I must say a few words to you while I am strong enough. Promise me that you will always, no matter where you are, read or repeat a chapter from the Bible every day, and will never omit your prayers.”

“Never, mother!”

“Go into the other room, and bathe your eyes now, the doctor will be here presently, and I want you

to see him. My little nurse!" said she very affectionately, "there, darling, go."

That night Mrs. Bancroft died, and poor Grace felt indeed alone in the world; but the God in whom her mother trusted did not forsake Grace. The good doctor who tended her mother, had often noticed the handy, little girl who was always there when he made his visit. He had lost a little daughter some years before, and his heart warmed to the lovely Fairy. The last time he visited her mother, he had begged that the little girl might be his

to take the place of the lost one, and very joyfully the mother consented. Grace became the adopted daughter of the good and wealthy doctor, she lived to grow up a very useful woman, and never forgot to act as she had promised her mother.





THE LOST CHILDREN.

LITTLE Robert and Ella James were orphans, they had no mother or father, but their dear sister Lucy and her husband took care of the

little children, and they did not know the want of a mother's kindness or a father's love. They were generally very good children, but sometimes they were disobedient, and gave their kind sister trouble:

One fine afternoon in October, she called the little ones to her, "Robert and Ella," said she, "I am going to ride, and as your nurse is sick, you will be left alone. Will you be good children and stay quietly in the house till I return."

"Yes, we'll be good."

"Remember, you are to stay in the house. Now kiss sister! good-bye!"



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KIND SISTER LUCY.

“Good-bye! we’ll be so good.”

For about an hour after their sister left, the children played quietly in their play room; but they grew tired of the house and Robert said. “Let’s go out in the meadow just a minute, we’ll come back before sister Lucy does, and she’ll never know.”

“No, no, Robby, sister said no!”

“But she’ll never know.” urged Robert. “We will only stay a moment, come, I’m going.” So saying, he took his little sister by the hand and they left the house. For a long time they rambled about on the

meadow, till Robert remembered a chestnut tree that grew a few yards from an adjoining field.

“ Oh, Ella, we will go see if the chestnuts are ripe!”

“ So we will, we will get some for sister Lucy.”

But the chestnut tree was harder to find than they had thought it would be. One thing or another attracted them from the path; some times a flower, or a bird, or some times they fancied they saw the tree they were seeking.

“ Oh, Ella! the sun is going

down," cried Robert. "Sister Lucy will be home."

"We will find the chestnuts tomorrow," said Ella "come we must go home."

Back they turned, but the sun went down, it began to grow dark, and still the house could not be seen. I don't think this is the right path Ella, I'm going to go through this field, it will take us home sooner."

"Oh, Robby," sobbed Ella after they had walked a little farther, "I'm so tired and hungry! and its so dark I'm frightened. Why don't you go home?"



80 ROBERT AND ELLA IN THE WOOD.

“I can’t Ella! I’ve lost the way.

“Oh, what shall we do? We’re lost.”

“Oh, it’s because we were so naughty! Sister Lucy told us not to come out. Oh dear! I wish we had minded her! I am going to sleep here, and perhaps Lucy will come and find us.”

Ella laid her curly head down on the grass, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. Robert watched by her a minute, but he too was tired, and when the stars peeped out they saw two little children sound asleep in the grass.



When they awoke it was morning and Ella was soon crying bitterly, and complaining of severe pains from having slept on the damp grass. Again the children started to find their homes, but the pain in their limbs obliged them to sit down every few moments and rest. At length Robert said, "It is no use, Ella. We were so bad, that God is going to leave us to be sick and die away from home, here all alone."

Poor Ella cried bitterly. She was only four years old and the prospect was a dreadful one.

"Don't cry, Ella," said Robert,

“we will try once more. See, there is a man. Halloo!”

“Halloo yourself, young ones,” said a gruff voice. “What are you doing here all alone.”

‘We have missed our way,” said Robert, boldly, though rather afraid of the odd looking man standing before him. “Can you show us the way to Mr. Price’s?”

“What, Mr. Price’s on the hill? Oh yes, I’m dwarf Billy, and I know every body round here. You follow me, and I’ll show you Mr. Price’s.”

“But Ella can’t walk.”

“Come here, my girl, I’ll carry



DWARF BILLY.

you. Don't be afraid, I'm an ugly little old fellow but I won't hurt you. Why bless your blue eyes, I would not hurt a child for the world."

The man's voice was really gentle and low as he said this, and Ella gradually lost her fear of him.

When they reached the house. Hannah, the nurse came to meet them. "Oh you dear blessed children! have you come at last! Oh naughty boy, your dear sister is sick, she was so frightened about you! how could you?"

"Sister Lucy sick!" cried both the children, rushing past her into the house. Sister Lucy was indeed sick from fear and anxiety, and it was two or three days before she recovered from the shock.

For several days the children suffered with violent pains in their bodies and limbs owing to their exposure. Sister Lucy did not punish them; she thought their fright and sickness would cure them of disobedience. And it did. They were always careful after that day, to mind exactly whatever their sister said to them. Mr. Price rewarded Billy liberally for his kindness. "Bless your honor," said he, "I did not bring the children home for money, but I'm poor, and I thank you; it was their pretty faces, and sorrow that made Billy their friend."



88 EDWARD'S MOTHER WEeping.

HOW DISOBEDIENCE WAS PUNISHED.

Look at the picture! You see it is a mother and her children sitting by a bedside and in great affliction. I will tell you the tale of the picture. There lived in a little village once, a widow lady, and her two children, Julia, the eldest about twelve years old, and Edward the other who was a year younger than his sister. Julia was a lovely girl, who was very obedient to all her mother's wishes. Edward, I am sorry to say, gave his mother a great

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90 HOW DISOBEDIENCE WAS PUNISHED.

deal of anxiety. He was disobedient and did not always tell the truth. This troubled his poor mother very much.

One Saturday afternoon he came to ask his mother's leave to go a fishing.

"I had rather you would not go, Edward; the water is so deep, and you are very heedless," said she.

"But I want to go so much?"

"No, my son, no; remember I forbid your going. Promise me you won't go."

"I suppose I won't if you tell me not to," said Edward, in a very



91

EDWARD FISHING.

92 HOW DISOBEDIENCE WAS PUNISHED.

sulky tone. "Mayn't I go and take a walk?"

"Yes; but do not go near the water."

As soon as this naughty boy was out of sight of the house, he walked directly to the river to fish. But alas! a large fish caught the line, and in trying to draw it out Edward himself fell in. The water was deep, and there was nobody near to help him. The next day his body was brought home to his mother's house. You see in the picture how his poor mother is crying; Julia did not seem to realize that her brother

HOW DISOBEDIENCE WAS PUNISHED. 93

was dead, until the funeral was over.

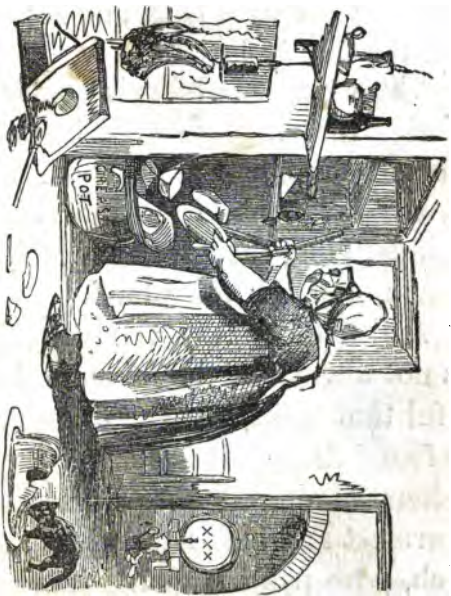
So you see how in this instance disobedience was punished. It does not always happen that naughty children are punished so soon for their faults, but it comes some day. Sooner or later all wickedness will meet its reward.



OUR MOLLY.

“WHAT a funny fat woman our Molly was. I was a very little girl when my mother had Molly for a cook, but I remember how she used to scold and groan in the warm kitchen and “those bothery little ones.”

And if any one was sick what a treasure Molly was then, such delicate little dishes, as she would bring up stairs, to tempt the poor invalid's appetite, and she would open and shut doors as gently as if they were made of glass, and she was afraid of shattering them. In



OUR OLD COOK, MOLLY.

spite of her ugly face, and fat form, all the family loved Molly.

She went to California to be married. Blessings go with her where she is, for she was a good, kind-hearted woman, who was always self-denying, though her speech was rough, and her voice loud.

And little ones, I tell you all, it is not always in the fair and beautiful that gentleness and goodness is found though it is often there too. Often the roughest form incloses the warmest and best heart, just as the rich, pure pearl is found inside the rougher shelled oyster.

End.